

How Man Began (Readers Digest 10-65)

by himself

Like a whale waking  
rolling muddy  
sand

Friends not writing,

over the sleeping crabs.

Belching  
shouting  
farting

Liver-eating Baker  
in the bones  
of St. Augustine

on the road

to Antonine Artaud's.

-- Bruce Baillie

Written in Winter

Once again, good silver and crystal,  
a centerpiece of plastic flowers, and linen  
from the cedar chest arranged with skill.  
With whispered grace we let the year begin.

The tree yet hung, the windows sprayed with snow,  
the mantle lined with bottles of empty wine.  
A lamp sheds paper mistletoe.  
With whispered grace we let the year begin.

The fire of pressed logs, pale as tinsel,  
flickers on the turkey's basted skin.  
We'd like to find some way to win  
the past year, some religious flame to fill

its hide with more than aged flesh and bone.  
With whispered grace we enter time again.

-- William Heyen

Athens, Ohio